THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

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PART 1

THE DIONYSUS POEMS - SERIES 01

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2024

ASCETICISM; SONG MAKING

DAVID SCANLON

POETRY

“I do not hope for anything, I no longer fear anything, I was remade by the mind and by heart, I have ascended higher, I am free. I wanted nothing more. I sought only freedom.”

Nikos Kazantzakis (1923) Ασκητική (Salvatores dei) Αναγέννηση; Athens. (Translation David Scanlon (2023))

“Gaea, Mother Gaea, now at last,
Wearied with too much seeking, here I cast
My soul, my heart, my body down on thee!
Dust of thy dust, canst thou not mother me?

Fill all my soul with kindness as a cup
With cool and bubbling waters! Mother dear,
Gaea, great Gaea, 'tis thy son — O hear!”

John G. Neihardt (1926) From Gaea, Mother Gaea. Collected Poems. The MacMIllan Company; New York

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ASCETICISM; SONG MAKING

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ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2023) The Dionysus Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2024) - Open Library

A.E. (George William Russell) (1909) The Hero in Man. The Orpheus Series: No 1.. D. N. Dunlop; Hale. Poem 1 - Paul Tillich (1952) The Courage to Be. Yale University Press; New Haven. “The courage to be as a part is an integral element of the courage to be as oneself.” Poem 2 - Nikos Kazantzakis (1923 [2023]) Asceticism - Gods Salvation-in-action. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. Translation David Scanlon. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. “Two violent headwinds, one male, the other female, meet and collide at a crossroad. They consummate for a moment, consecration, becoming visible. This crossroad is the Universe. This crossroad is my heart.” Poem 3 - IBID “Beyond the mind, on the sacred precipice of the heart, I bumble forward trembling. One of my feet clings to the sure ground, the other searches into the darkness with it hanging above the abyss.” Poem 4- Whitman, Walt (1855) Passage to India in Leaves of Grass. The Walt Whitman Archive. Gen. ed. Ed Folsom and Kenneth M. Price. “Towers of fables immortal, fashion’d from mortal dreams!”. Poem 5 - C.G. Jung (1916) Psychology of the Unconscious. Moffat, Yard and Company; New York. “Love raises man, not only above himself, but also above the bounds of his mortality and earthliness, up to divinity itself, and in the very act of raising him it destroys him.” Nikos Kazantzakis (1965) Report to Greco. Translated from the Greek by P.A. Bien. Simon and Schuster; New York. “Dionysus shatters individuation… and we find ourselves breast-to-in breast-to-breast contact with truth. What truth? The truth that we are all one, that all of us together create God, that God is not man’s ancestor but his descendant.” Poem 6 - P.B. Shelley (1818[1938]) From Earth The Mother of All Translated from Homer XXX.1-16 in The Oxford Book Of Greek Verse In Translation. Oxford University Press; Oxford. Originally Published by Mrs Shelley “Poetical Works” in 1839. “Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.” James Elroy Flecker (1907) The Bridge of Fire. Elkin Matthews; London. “Some drive about the Rim in painted cars, And others drink eternity away.” Poem 7 - David Scanlon (2022) Songs for Life. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. A translation of the poem by Bertolt Brecht (1939) An die Nachgeborenen (To Posterity) first published in Svendborger Gedichte. Herzfelde; London. ““Truly, I live in dark times! Our unintended words are now foolish.” Poem 8 - Nikos Kazantzakis (1923 [2023]) Asceticism - Gods Salvation-in-action. Translation David Scanlon. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. “You are not this wretched fleeting body; behind your flowing mask of clay lurks a thousand-year-old face.” Poem 9 - Nikos Kazantzakis (1965) Report to Greco. “Suddenly, without any conscious effort, I found myself once more experiencing the profound meaning of obedience..”. Poem 10 - Yuval Noah Harari (2023) Quoted by Rhys Blakely in article “AI could create Bible of the future scholar warns.” The Times Wednesday May 3. “For thousands of years, prophets and poets and politicians have used language and storytelling in order to manipulate and to control people and to reshape society….” Poem 11 - Ralph Waldo Emerson (1867) From May-Day in Poems - Household Edition. Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Boston and New York. Poem 12 - David Scanlon (2023) Homeward bound; songs along the way. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Hestia Poems - Poem No 63. Poem 13 - de Noailles. A. (2018) Collected Poems: New Translations; David Scanlon. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. Ah! “What joy at this moment intoxicates me. Live! Sing glory to the pleasures of a life free. Poem 14 - David Scanlon (2022) Homeward bound; songs along the way. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Hestia Poems - Poem No 18. Friedrich Nietzsche (1886) Jenseits von Gut und Böse - Aus hohen Bergen - Nachgesang (Beyond Good and Evil - From High Mountains - A final-song). C. G. Naumann; Liepzig. Poem 15 - Robert Bridges (1929) The Testament to Beauty. Oxford University Press; London. Christopher Marlowe (1590) Tamburlaine the Great (Part 1, Act V, 160-173). Poem 16 - Scanlon. D (2019) Timeless Truths. The Foolish Poet Press, Wilmslow, England. Stephen Spender (1951) World within World. Harish Hamilton; London. Poem 17 - Simone Weil (1952) The Need for Roots - Prelude to a Declaration of Duties towards Mankind. Routledge & Kegan Paul; London. Poem 18 - David Scanlon (2018) From XLVI in The Keeper of Flocks. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. Poem 19 - David Scanlon (2022) Eternal Songs From Memory. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Orpheus Poems - Poem No 45. Robert Graves (1948 [1975]) The White Goddess. Farrar, Straus and Giroux; New York. ““True poetic practice implies a mind so miraculously attuned and illuminated that it can form words, by a chain of more-than-co-incidences, into a living entity - a poem”. Poem 21 - Emily Dickinson (1858 [1924]) From the Poem The Gentian Weaves Her Fringes in The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Little, Brown and Company; Boston. William Cullen Bryant (1848) From To the Fringed Garden in Poems. Carey and Hart; Philadelphia.

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Also By The Same Author

The Poet, The Prisoner & The Fool
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Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
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Locked Down With Loves Freedom
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Collected Poems - New Translations
DUINO ELEGIES - Rainer Marie RilKE
Asceticism - Nikos Kazantzakis
Transfixing Poetry - Quarterly Poetry Collections

Playlist for Poems (2024) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 8 Group IV. The Paintings for The Temple.

FINAL WORDS

For Berenice Scanlon; From Your Angel!

What blessed peace now descends,
Like orchids attracting with a silent scent,
As the future of new days now become:
No more shall we part, smiling.
New days beckon, without you,
Without the one who's first kiss…

Gave birth to love in this poetic heart,
Now derelict and wordless in silent tears,
Which through a darkness now peers:
No more shall we part, in pain.
Your Angel cries, without you,
Without the one in who's eyes…

Those final words of love were heard.
From silence to silence we all must pass.
In our words and deeds we then become.
No more shall we part, in love.
But this infinite moment, our love,
Is without the one who gave it birth.

ASCETICISM; SONG MAKING

The Dionysus Poems

David Scanlon

The Foolish Poet Press

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WORDS OF LOVE

A life fully lived, in the fullness of time,
Speaks beyond the places of making;
Reaching beyond the everyday work
Brings alive the marriage of our words.

Within our bonded union, beyond self,
Lies the mysterious places of our making;
Flowing with a defining pace is her time,
Which is forever moving in our words.

Finding the time to engage with her music
Allows the way to eternity in the present;
Where the worst and best of us fight is
A coming together in living, spoken words.

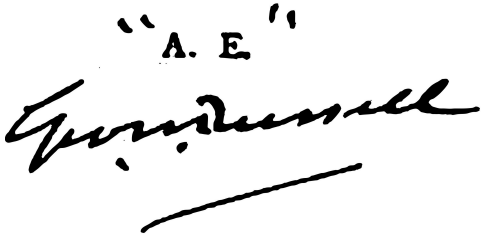
SPEAK OF ETERNAL LOVE

When the abundance of selfishness
Outweighs the dominions of our love
We become lost in the remnants of:
Our animal instinctual nature;
Our forgotten fears from youth;
Our abiding desires for truth.

Without our humanising instincts
We are lesser beings, believing in self
Over our self-enhancing soul with all:
It‘s eternal intuitive nature;
It‘s remembered joys of youth;
It‘s desires to find the truth.

So then, in moments of silence, listen,
Not to the persistent droning of mind,
But to the mesmerising songs which:
Speak of all that we are;
Speak of all joys and fears;
Speak from our eternal love.

“Our courage, our faith, might cause "our light to shine in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own?””



INBETWEEN US IS COURAGE

For Claes Buxfeldt: Happy Birthday Friend.

The conspicuous honesty of mind
Requires constantly nurturing habits;
A movement beyond the chains.
For to be seen beyond us all,
Yet to live within all our ways,
Requires a different courage.

An accepting honesty of reality
Requires constant reflecting habits;
A movement from within the self.
For to exist beyond us all,
Yet to live within our ways,
Requires a different courage.

The conspicuous integrity of souls
Requires constant un-reflected habits;
A movement that cannot be known.
For to be free and love all,
Yet to live within our ways,
Requires a different faith.

Truth, consciousness and integrity;
Is to trust in what can not be known.

IN THE SOLITUDE OF WRITING

In the solitude of writing
The mystery of why is beguiling.
Filled with a self-doubt without care
Utterances grasp and free form
In a desire to be heard.

But to be heard by whom?
Is it writing with the knowledge of obscurity
That the tingling passion of being alive comes?

Without the world I am free
But with the world I am whole.
So in truth the guiding presence of my poesy
Is not for me to be heard but to be alone:
Knowing that in being alone I am truly whole.

THE POSSIBILITIES

I had lost the simple truth:
Life is for living, with a smile,
With a laugh, with a tear:
    Each moment's home,
    Both timeless and temporal,
    Presents the possibilities.

I have found a simple truth:
Life is for hating, with a curse,
With a anger, with a fear:
    Each moment is a home,
    Both priceless and ethereal,
    To freedoms probabilities.

I know we have simple truths:
Life is for loving, with a smile,
With a laugh, with a tear:
    Each moment at home,
    Both hateful and loving,
    Presents the possibilities.

CROSSROADS

For Christopher Scanlon; Good Luck in your Search!

Let your search be over,
Let your presence be in
The moment of discovery:
    Sons and fathers untied;
    United in joyful travels
    At a crossroad in life.

Listen, trust, and laugh,
Let a smile within become
A moment at the bridge:
    Sons and fathers united;
    Unified in joyfilled travels
    To a crossroad of life.

Let the search be over,
Let your freedom become
This moment of discovery;
    Love and hate untied;
    United in joyful travels
    To the crossroads of life.

SHE DWELLS WITHIN ME

One page turns, with new words
Cascading along the narrow eyes,
As the voice plays echo to ideas:
    I relish the most profound words;
    I dwell within them and swim,
    Ascending whilst descending.

As the page turns, there's a moment,
Movement along the narrowing path,
One foot anchored, and another hovers:
    I relive these moments in words;
    I swell within them and dance,
    Swirling whilst almost forgetting.

Our one life turns, with new words
Cascading from the singers mouth,
As the eternal songs echo of love:
    I relish her most profound words;
    She dwells within me and we sing,
    Of ascending whilst descending.

FOR THE FIRST TIME

I know not why, nor the what of it.
Nor do I care for it enough to stay,
Always amongst a radiance of light:
    So I return when I can to her,
    Returning to beauty and truth,
    Seeing again for the first time.

I know that I care, way to much!
For I have travelled to find the way,
Always looking for radiance and light:
    Forgetting we live in darkness,
    Returning from beauty and truth to
    Being in new moments each time.

I know what it is to love, to care,
Know I see you, when I'm not there,
Always within your radiance and light:
    So I remain now fully with her,
    Returning to beauty and truth,
    When I can: now for the first time!

POETIC FAITH

What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If beauty is wordless joy bathed in silence,
Like all things seen by a child for the first time,
How then can love transcend to word
In poetic spirits: in the heat of the sun,
In the darkness of night are your eyes.

Is that darkest memory of our suffering
The birth of the self; the words beginning,
Born of all that has gone before, eternity
Bringing forth the beauty for us to see,
The poetic spirits: in the lovers eyes,
In the hatred of self are your eyes.

From all my suffering come my words,
From all my love comes a silent beauty,
Born of poets who have travelled before:
These then become my simple words,
From the transcendent spirit of ages,
Beauty born of joy and our suffering.

ETERNAL LOVE

We walk with all, her presence absent,
When a smiling earth does not touch
Us with her glorious silent truthfulness:
I smile and laugh in her silence;
Joyfulness overwhelms ignorance,
In the eternal, last vestiges of love.

But walking with her, in silent absences,
Within the smiles of earth I'm touched
With all our silent eternal truthfulness:
We smile and laugh in our silences;
Ignorance can overwhelm the joy,
In our ephemeral, vestigial living.

I walk in fields of gold, silence present,
Singing and smiling about all that is, this
Our ever present glorious truthfulness:
Let us smile and laugh, wordless,
Until the love of living overwhelms;
I'll sing then, of this, our eternal love.

DESTROYED IN LOVE

The aching moon cries out,
“Help me find the light within.”
Not in a mooning voice but..
In the silence I hear her
Eternal lament, darkness,
Filled with joyless love.

The laughing sun sings out,
”Hear me I am the light within.”
Not in a sun-rising voice but..
From the silent words,
Eternal laments, lightness,
Filled with love ascending.

Within the sun and moon’s cry,
I am wholly connected, pulled,
Moved and in this very moment
In the deepest silence one,
An I, destroyed in awakening,
Filled with transcendent love.

TOGETHER WORDS

Sentences inverted, converted
By shadows of never lived pasts,
Dance, becoming that elusive word:
You know from within your past;
I know from within my own past;
Our together words ever elusive.

Sentences converted, inventing
The shadows of future lived things,
Dance, becoming those fixed words:
We know from within our presence;
I know from within my own present;
Our together words, so conclusive.

Inverting, converting and inventing
From the shadows of all lived pasts
Requires the together dance of words:
I can know from within our pasts;
We can know from shared pasts;
Our together words now effusive.

IN WAIT FOR MOMENTS

Expectations and dreams grow
When hard work and fortitude
Flourish in moments of madness:
    Madness is an unloosening,
    An unshackledness of being,
    When laughter and smiles burst.

Bursting forth within our journeys,
A growth, friendships and familiarity
Flourishing in a foundational faith:
    Faith is the belief in us all,
    An unwaveringness of being,
    In the winning or the loosing.

In all loss there is new beginning,
A returning arc to the hard work and
Fortitude needed to drive our dreams:
    Dreaming is just the start of it,
    The unadorned body of beings,
    In moments: where love wins!

AN UNREMEMBERING

I learned so many great skills,
I know too much about things
That I no longer wish to know;
    Much I cannot unremember;
    Fixed implacably into a now,
    That knowing does not help!

I came to know many great friends,
I loved so much about our times,
That I will always wish to know;
    Much I cannot unremember;
    Fixed infinitely into a now,
    That loving always can help!

I now only remember your faces,
I, silently, feel much of your warmth,
That I will always wish to feel;
    This I cannot unremember;
    Fixed eternally, you are that me,
    That words can never find!

But as we are parted I keep on trying!

QUIET LOVE

More and more I watch the dead news,
Read the deadening whispers of others:
The political others desiring of my time!
The realities of my everyday being,
Cumulated from always ascending,
Focus me on the quiet dignity of us!

More and more I am alive without news,
Hearing my heart whisperings of others:
The eternal anguish desiring of my time!
The realities of her everyday being,
Acquired from always descending,
Focus me on the silent energy of us!

More and more I write the eternal news,
Writing of our ascending and descending:
Of a timeless otherness, without any desire!
The realities of my everyday being,
Cumulated from always descending,
Focus me on the quiet love of us all!

ALWAYS BECOMING

Love has no endings, yet clear beginnings;
It lives eternally, as the only truth we have.
So seek always within this mystery of us.
The moment is a becoming, as one
We travel onwards, together always,
Always becoming but never being.

Living with our love, there is always hate,
A human descent, higher mountains to climb.
It always finds the weaknesses within us.
The driving human force, in our fear
We move onwards, separating always,
Always thinking but never singing.

It is a thin red line between love and hate;
In our eternal ascent and human descent
We are always looking for moments of truth.
The moment is a silent becoming, as
In noticing loves touch, eternity lives,
Always a becoming but never a being.

PAINTING PICTURES

If I could paint pictures with words,
That captured all that is now present,
Then that would be for me the true gift:
That would be the silent truth,
Captured with the rich imagery
Presented to those with brushes.

I brush silently with all the colours,
Emotions and eternal feelings that say
All that is needed for me to accept:
That all that is present is truth,
Yours and my truth, separated
By the words presented as rushes.

In the rushes and brushes of words,
I am captivated by all that is present,
This then is my gift, the ability to see:
That too is my silent curse, truth,
Uncaptured from the richness of
A life that sometimes just crushes!

I DO NOT EVEN TRY

I am a man of heart and mind,
Failing, floundering in the abyss:
In measured moments of time
There is only the mind ,
Mystifying in clarifying!
Nothing but our things!

I am not a thing nor a number!
Raising, ascending in the light,
In eternities moments of rhyme
There is only the heart
Clarifying in mystifying!
Nothing but our presence!

I am man born of a woman,
Returning, descending home:
In eternities moments of time
I have a heart and mind,
Mystifying and clarifying!
So, now, I do not even try!

STINGING SONGS

For many years I wandered,
Fruitless paths, locked doors,
Unknowing of impelling forces:
Stuck and trapped in mind,
Cleverness and words were
Bee stings in an angry nest.

For many years I wondered,
With excitement, curious eyes
Knowing of the impaling forces:
Wounded and stuck, I searched
For solutions in words which
Did not sting in our angry nests.

I saw her then upon the path,
Wordless serenity, a voice found
To sing from all that is unknown:
Moved and moving in time,
To a rhythm which ascends,
I'm stung still but with songs.

I AM SORRY

I am sorry to you all, my friends,
For sharing these simple words,
If they manipulate and control you:
These are words of our love,
Constructed in the dark and light,
Giving me a resilience to go on.

I laugh at the thought, my friends!
Do these simple words, of our love,
Have this power over you every day?
These are my words of faith,
Constructed from love and hate,
Which in profound silence come.

Others may not yet be, my friends,
In a place where the simplest words
Give consolation and contentment:
These are my feelings now, living,
Constructed by our love and hate,
Which give me the space to go on.